

PUBLISHED BY THE

Young Men's Christian Association,  
OF HARRISBURG.

FREE READING ROOM, COLLEGE BLOCK, THIRD ST.

MORNING PRAYER MEETING FROM 8 TO 8:30 AT SAME PLACE.

YOU ARE INVITED--"COME, AND WE WILL DO THEE GOOD."

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28.

"He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

1                   Coronation.

C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
    Let angels prostrate fall :  
    Bring forth the royal diadem.  
        And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
    The wormwood and the gall,  
    Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
        And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
    On this terrestrial ball,  
    To him all majesty ascribe.  
        And crown him Lord of all.

2                   Ashamed of Jesus.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
    A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
    Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise.  
    Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
    Let evening blush to own a star !  
    He sheds his beams of light divine  
        O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,  
    On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
    No ! when I blush, be this my shame,  
    That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
    When I've no guilt to wash away.  
    No tear to wipe, no good to crave.  
    No fear to quell, no soul to save.

3                   Loving Kindness.

L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul; to joyful lays.  
    And sing the great Redeemer's praise,  
    He justly claims a song from me :  
    His loving kindness, oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
    Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
    He saved me from my low estate :  
    His loving kindness, O how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
    Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
    He safely leads my soul along :  
    His loving kindness, O how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
    Has gathered thick, and thundered loud ;  
    He near my soul has always stood ;  
    His loving kindness, O how good !

4                   What is Prayer ?                   C. M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
    Utter'd or unexpress'd :  
    The motion of a hidden fire  
        That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—  
    The falling of a tear.—  
    The upward glancing of an eye.  
        When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
    That infant lips can try :  
    Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
        The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
    The Christian's native air ;  
    His watchword at the gates of death,—  
        He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
    Returning from his ways ;  
    While angels, in their songs, rejoice,  
        And cry,—Behold, he prays !

5                   Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

C. M.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
    And did my Sov'reign die ?  
    Would he devote that sacred head  
        For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
    He groan'd upon the tree ?  
    Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
        And love beyond degree !

Religious services, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, are held in the City Prison every Sabbath morning, at 9 o'clock. COME!—YOU ARE WELCOME.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe :  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

6 Christ the Sinner's Friend. 8s&7s.

- 1 One there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name ;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a friend we have above.

7 Efficacy of the Atoning Blood. C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.

8 A Charge to Keep I Have. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live ;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

9 Just as thou art. 8s&6s.

- 1 Just as thou art—without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
O guilty sinner, come.
- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree ;  
The stripes thy due were laid on me,  
That peace and pardon might be free—  
O wretched sinner, come.
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross ;  
My grace repays all earthly loss—  
O needy sinners, come.
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;  
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;  
O trembling sinner, come.

10 Christ our Refuge. 7s Double.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
All my help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

11 Soldier of the Cross. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Shall I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?

12 Successful Resolve.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come with your guilt and fear oppress,  
And make this last resolve :
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there."

### 13 Surrendering to Christ.

- 1 People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peaee and eomfort nowhere found :  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren where your altar burns,  
Oh, reeeeive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely, I no longer roam,  
Like the clouud, the wind, the wave ;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave :  
Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine, ;  
Earth ean fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.

### 14 Grateful Recollection. P.M. 8s&7s.

- 1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy graee ;  
Streams of merey, never eeasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung hy flaming tongues above ;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Oh ! to graee, how great a dehtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to he !  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee :  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart—O take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy eourts above.

### 15 Beautiful River.

Happy Voices,

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,  
Where hright angel feet have trod,  
With its erystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Graee our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a rohe and erown.
- 3 Soon we'll reeah the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will eease ;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peabee.

### 16 The Awakening.

- 1 Sinner ! rouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep ;  
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,  
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep—arise from death ;  
See the bright and living path :  
Wateful tread that path—be wise,  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, eease thy erime ;  
Prom this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life seeure without delay,  
Evil is thy mortal day.

### 17 Why will ye Die? 7th P. M. 7s

- 1 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why ?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live ;  
He the fatal eause demands ;  
Asks the work of his own hands,—  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn : why will ye die ?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that ye might live.  
Will ye let him die in vain ?  
Craeify your Lord again ?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will ye slight his graee, and die ?

### 18 Joy of the Young Convert.

- 1 O how happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above,  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet eomfort and peabee  
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 'Twas heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothigg more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Then, all the day long,  
Was my Jesus my song,  
And redemption through faith in his name :  
O, that all might believe,  
And salvation reeeeive,  
And their song and their joy be the same.

### 19 The Joyful Sound. C. M.

- 1 Salvation ! O the joyful sound !  
What pleasures to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spaeious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

### 20 Christ the Rock.

- 1 Roek of Ages ! eleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flowed,  
Be of sin the double eure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone.  
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling :  
Naked, come to thee for dress.  
Helpless, look to thee for grace :  
Vile, I to the fountain fly.  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

**21 Blest be the Tie.** S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 We share our mutual woes.  
Our mutual burdens bear :  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

**22 "Come unto Me."** 7s.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home :  
Weary wanderer, hither eome.
- 2 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound !  
Peace that ever shall endure.  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

**23 Behold a Stranger at the Door.** L. M.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;  
Has waited long—is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O ! lovely attitude—he stands  
With melted heart and loaded hands !  
Oh ! matchless kindness—and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

**24 The Holy Spirit.** C. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look ! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

**25 Love for the Saviour.** \* 6s&4s

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

Ev'n though it be a cross  
That raiseth me !  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

- 2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down.  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let the way appear.  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

**26 Death of a Christian.** 12s&11s.

- 1 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee ;  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,  
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee.  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and its mansions forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long :  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking.  
And the song which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?"

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

"He that hath beginn a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Christ Jesus."

"Though your sins be as searlet, they shall be made white as snow."

"'Tis not all of life to live, nor all of death to die—but after death the judgment."